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The House of Ill-Luck

By BLANCHE EARDLEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Rosemary Panchester, a poor but well-bred and beautiful orphan, is hired into a secret marriage with a supposed dying man by a band of plotters, who need proof of a marriage for one of their schemes. She discovers that she has been duped and flees from the house, quickly losing herself in a deep London fog. Then she narrowly escaped being run down by a motor bus, and faints. When she awakes she finds that her narrow bag has been exchanged for that of a Miss French, who was killed by the bus.

To escape the consequences of the secret marriage, Rosemary does not reveal the substitution of the bags. She finds a note making an appointment for Miss French to assume a position as companion to Lady Mallaby at Luck House, in Cornwall. Assuming the name of French, Rosemary secures the position, and becomes a favorite with Lady Mallaby and her son, Sir Douglas.

The young man soon falls in love with the supposed Miss French, but her position becomes very difficult, as the plotters, who are after the Mallaby millions, learn that she is not French, but that the man she married is the one who is scheming for the Mallaby fortune, and that she may have robbed her lover of it.

An attempt to discredit Rosemary as a thief is foiled, and the plotters are compelled to leave Luck House and retire to London.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

"Good-by," he said huskily, and then he drew her into his arms and kissed her hair, brows, eyes, and lips with despairing passion. "If you were only free!" he said fiercely. "I would give that chap all the fortune twice over so that I could buy your freedom."

For a few moments they clung to each other until, wet-eyed and pale-faced, Rosemary tore herself from his arms, and, without trusting herself to another glance, left the room.

Twenty-four hours later Sir Douglas and Mrs. Deane were sitting in the latter's office, talking with grave faces to a spruce elderly looking man, whom no one would have taken for the sleuth-bound of the law that he was.

"Are you still shadowing the people at Harrington street, Mr. Thaw?" Mr. Deane asked.

The detective nodded. "Yes, Mr. Deane; I've had two of my men out day and night. The man Coxon is a slippery customer, and he goes over very often, but yesterday two men arrived by motor. One was recognized from the photograph we had of Knight, and the other was Craven."

"Ah," Mr. Deane exclaimed. "Then he took Craven back with him, did he? Has he been anywhere since they arrived?"

"Yes, to a house at Willesden Green, and my man found that it belonged to a Mrs. Holmes, whose real name was Knight, and who was supposed to be a widow."

Both Sir Douglas and Mr. Deane exclaimed: "Did you find out all about her?" Deane added: "We are most anxious to prove that Knight had a wife before he went to Switzerland with Stephen Usher."

The detective shook his head regretfully. "All we discovered was that on the two days the funeral was taken place, and it was the funeral of the mistress of the house—an old lady. Beyond that we can find no clue to any of the details of Knight's or Usher's life, except those that he told you."

"Then all you can do, Thaw, is to keep the supervision up until we have decided what to do," Mr. Deane said. "It would be better to be able to surprise this man's secret out of him by reference to a past marriage, I mean—than to persecute him for personating Sir Douglas's cousin. There are reasons why my client wants to keep that part of it out of the business, so you understand how we should much prefer the charges to be one of blarney, don't you?"

The detective nodded. "I quite understand, sir," he said. "This Knight—or Usher—is a slippery customer, and we shall have to go warily. Of course, there is no doubt that he is 'Knight' right enough. One of my men went to Switzerland and brought back a photograph of the dead man who was buried as Knight, and it is just the picture of a dying consumptive."

When he had left the office Mr. Deane said briskly: "It's no use giving up at the first failure, Douglas. I am convinced that this man has played the scamp light-heartedly mostly on his life, and there is bound to be a woman somewhere who has been fool enough to marry him. Rogues always get hold of pretty folk, to believe in them. You see, he couldn't have the 'old' wife, because the poor and young one stipulated for Sir Ralph Savage's will, so that is how Miss Rosemary was victimized."

Sir Douglas sighed. "I wish I were as sanguine as you, Deane, old chap. Some how I feel that this man, Knight, or whatever his name is, will give us a lot of trouble, and I don't want that to happen, for her sake. If only I could do something active," he went on impulsively.

tiently, "something that will help me to feel all really fighting for her, I would do it like a shot."

"And probably be shot, too," Deane said dryly. "This beauty is not above any trick. Remember his bluff in coming down to Luck House at all. Most men would have kept out of danger, but he went into it; and do you know what he went down for?" he asked.

"No; unless it was to persuade me to be willing to let him buy Luck House from me," Sir Douglas replied.

"And why should he want to buy Luck House, except for one reason?" Deane said slowly.

"If I don't know. It struck me as queer. What do you think?"

"It's my opinion that that chap was an ambitious rogue, and was not content with the fortune he had from old Savage's will, but wanted more. He had probably heard Stephen Usher talk of the legend of Luck House, and was fired by the mystery of it. You recollect, of course, the loss of that miniature your mother set such store by?"

Sir Douglas gave a start of surprise. By Jove, of course I do! Then that was his game, was it? I never thought of that. It explains why he and Craven were locked out by Keziah one night; they had gone reconnoitering to see if they could find out what was in the blackguard, it will give me the greatest satisfaction!"

"My dear boy, you are mad!" Deane said sharply. "You forget that Knight is a dangerous man—and we have others when it is full."

"I am not afraid," Sir Douglas said. "The place is well guarded, and I feel that if I do not do something I shall go mad. I may be able to find out what the detectives can't," he smiled; "a layman often succeeds where a professional fails."

Deane opened a drawer and took out a revolver. "You must make a fool of yourself, then, go armed," he said. "This is five-chambered. Only, for heaven's sake, take care of yourself, old man!"

Sir Douglas laughed. "Don't fear; I shall be all right. I shall come back here afterward."

Half an hour later he had reached Harrington street, a quiet, dull-looking street, as it was dusk, he only pulled his cap over his eyes, and turned up the collar of his overcoat as a disguise. For a time he strolled up and down the street, keeping a good watch on the one particular house, debating whether he should go in or wait and see who came out.

Presently the door opened, and a slim-looking young man ran down the steps, and, after looking up and down the street, he entered a hansom. Immediately Sir Douglas beckoned a hansom off the same rank.

"Follow that hansom," he said, "and stop behind it whenever it stops." "After twenty minutes' drive the first hansom stopped at a house in Bloomsbury, and a few seconds later Sir Douglas had run up the steps and put his foot into the door before it could be closed.

The face of the young man flushed with fear as he glanced at the intruder. "Who are you? What do you want?" he said in a curiously boyish voice.

"I saw you come out of a house in Harrington street," Sir Douglas replied, "and I want to speak to you."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Secret Passage.

It was nearly midnight, and the small household at Luck House had long since retired to rest. Old Jason slept down stairs near the butler's pantry, and Keziah slept in a room two floors above Rosemary, while the elderly woman nurse, who looked after Lady Mallaby at night time, and slept in a room near the west wing, where Lady Mallaby's bedroom was, had gone away for a holiday.

Though it was so quiet, Rosemary felt that she could not sleep. Her mind was with the man she loved, and who for her sake would even spare the man who had tricked and tried to rob him of a fortune. Since she had been at Luck House so much had happened that she could not regard her three months' stay as mere length of time, but by what had taken place.

"I only wish," she murmured, "that I could go away now, before he returns, only I am promised to stay, and must. Perhaps, when he comes back, he may change his mind about wanting me to stay. There may even be some one else he would like for his mother's companion."

Novelties in Washington's Smart Shops

By DOROTHY AVERY HOWARD

If you would like to own a necklace of real coral beads, I can tell you where you can find some which have been reduced to one-half their regular price—in a little shop in Fourteenth street, between F and G, where Persian rugs, imported kimonos, laces, and embroideries are sold.

Long dress earrings are considered very good form this season, especially for dress occasions. Some odd effects are designed by novelty jewelers in jewelry with imitation diamonds or other gems. Large pearls are much liked, too, with pendant pearls of pear shapes hanging quite low. A jewelry shop in F street, near Fourteenth street, is showing a varied assortment of semi-precious stones mounted in unique ornaments of this character. Many of these are marked at popular prices.

A dainty gift designed for a newborn baby is a square, flat box, covered with white linen, embroidered in blue forget-me-nots and lined with pale blue silk, which holds a tiny comb and brush, a rattle, a carriage strap of ribbon, a sachet bag, a powder puff, and a box for safety pins, all painted in the same delicate design of flowers.

A well-known firm of leather importers in F street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth, has brought over this year some very useful and attractive novelties in portfolios, which are especially convenient for travelers, as they contain all the requisites in the stationery line in pockets at either side that hang down when the writing pad is in use. They are shown in only fine leathers, the cheapest being in English morocco. Some beautiful new colors are noticed, an odd shade of rose, apricot, parma violet, and onyx green being among them, while hellefleurs, moss greens, sea greens, and others are included.

At a confectioner's in Fourteenth street, between F and G streets, there may be bought a number of unique

favors for use at Thanksgiving functions. The familiar turkey is shown, of course, either as he appears in the barnyard, with his lordly strut, or when, after his pride has been laid low by the farmer's ax, he is served, done to a turn, for the nation's Thanksgiving feast, in sizes from 10 cents up. Vegetables and fruits from autumn's horn of plenty, having every appearance of those exhibited daily on the market stalls; make-believe bottles of wine and champagne, which leave no ill effects; boxes of cigarettes, which are made of chocolate instead of being filled with the real thing; and other novelties of a Greek border design in white.

The newest importations of neckwear show a decided tendency to color effects, designs being embroidered in pale or dull blues, yellow rose, and other past shades, on linen or lawn. Some of the smartest concepts show turnover collars of linen, edged with filmy or Irish laces, and embroidered in dots or small flowers, with a rabat to match. Pastel yellow necks are sometimes used instead of the white linen or lawn, the effect being very French when the embroidery is done in a deeper shade.

The latest idea in a pocketbook is one of small size, in leather, but with both the sides of sterling silver, etched all over in an artistic design and having a silver chain which swivels on a wrist. Well-known establishments in F street, near the

corner of Eleventh, which carries many novelties in silverware and jewelry, has just received some of this kind which cost \$24 or \$28, according to the difference in size, the former being about the size of a cardcase.

A fruit store in G street, near Thirteenth, has received a fresh shipment of Casaba melons from California, which sell now for 50 cents each. The first that came in sold for \$1.25, but the fruit is more plentiful at this season. Those who have never partaken of this kind of melon, which is on the order of a muskmelon, have no idea how delicious it really is. One will serve a small family, as it has only a small hollow in the center, being mostly fruit.

One of the most talked of bronzes in the Paris Salon of 1908 was the statuette of a young girl just budding into womanhood, called by its creator, Philippe, "The Awakening." It is not only an artistic type of the nude in sculpture, but presents a perfect figure from a study of anatomy, as was remarked by a distinguished surgeon of this city who was in the Salon last year. It was exhibited in London at the Franco-English fair, where it at once struck the fancy of Alexandria, then England's Queen, who bought it for her private collection. A replica of the original may be seen in Washington in the establishment of a firm in F street, near the corner of Twelfth, which deals in jewelry, silverware, and objects of art.

Some pretty, little Japanese dolls, already dressed, which can be used in making most attractive Christmas gifts, may be found in an importer's shop in Fourteenth street, between F and G streets, at 20 cents each, or two smaller ones for 25 cents.

Exquisite new coat sets of linen, embroidered by hand and trimmed with either Irish or chuney edge, are noticed in a dry goods store in F street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets.

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The Polo Coats are of heavy plaid back material, with deep, square collars and cuffs of satin, cedar and other new shades; Long Black Broadcloth coats of chiton-fine material, satin lined, some all-over braided; others with deep shawl collar and cuffs in astrakhan effect, with frog fasteners, few with fur collars; full length kersey; man-tailored; full length clay chieftan and serge; new mannish mixtures, in tans, grays, greens, oxfords, and blues; zibeline, chevrons, and few three-quarter, elaborately braided and Trimmed Black Broadcloth Coats.

See the window display for accurate idea of the many styles displayed. We've coats to fit small women, average size women, and large women. It's your chance of the year to buy a nice, warm coat for cold weather wear—See Window Display.

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

WILL all the kind folks who contributed suggestions for the benefit of my shy lady, please consider themselves heartily thanked, both by her and me.

I couldn't use all of your letters because some of them duplicated suggestions, and because some of them came after I had written on the subject, but I enjoyed them all very much.

It was so pleasant, you see, to hear you folks speak and know you were still there. Every once in awhile I have a terrible wonder if I am playing to any empty house. If there could be such a thing as a blind and deaf actor, who, because of his infirmity, would have no way of knowing how large and how well pleased his audiences were, I think he'd feel the way I sometimes do.

And if after the play some of his audience should come up and grasp him by the hand to let him know they had sat through the play and had enjoyed it, I think he'd feel the way I do when I receive letters from you folks.

I had the pleasure of being a witness to a very charming little incident this noon.

A pretty young girl, who came out of a restaurant just ahead of me, slipped quietly up to a big cart horse which stood by the curbing, and shyly offered him a couple lumps of sugar. The big creature mumbled the sugar up out of her hand with something as near delighted surprise as a horse could show, and the girl stroked his big nose for a moment and then passed on.

Such a little thing to do, but such a sweet one.

And that isn't meant for a pun by any means.

I think it's people who have time for little kindnesses like that who make the account of the world's joys and sorrows show a credit on the joy side.

Are you one of them?

"While you were writing about how a man hates to smell perfume on a woman," queried the masculine man, who occasionally does me the honor to read my humble feminine fancies, "why didn't you say something about gasoline?"

"Yes; that's what I mean—gasoline. Don't you know there's lots of women have that smell hanging over them all the time. Anything to do with automobiles? No; I suppose it's from having things cleaned. That's what they tell me, anyhow. I don't know much about that. All I know is that sometimes after I dance or even just shake hands with a woman, my hands will smell of gasoline the rest of the evening. Infernal, I call it. You hear girls talking about getting the smell of tobacco from dancing with a man who smokes. Now, I put it up to you, if tobacco isn't a much more decent smell than gasoline?"

Reminds me of the hero of a magazine story I read the other day. He found my lady's white glove lying on the table and in true chivalric style, pressed it passionately to his lips.

But modern cleaning methods were evidently too much for chivalry, for his most unchivalric comment was, "It smelled of gasoline."

Those of us who are not millionaires must of necessity live ourselves to the cleaners' occasionally. But I don't think that means we need smell of gasoline.

For the sake of civility and incidentally common decency, instead of laying the cleansed waists or gloves promptly in the drawer, where they will scent up everything else and incidentally take upon themselves a half-sachet-half-gasoline odor, that is worse than straight gasoline, why not make it an invariable practice to hang them for a day or two in the fresh air?

Seems to me that is a bit of trouble that would bring in good six per interest in results.

RUTH CAMERON.

Delicate Pudding. Delicate pudding is made by boiling together for three minutes two-thirds of a cupful of orange juice, one-third of a cupful of lemon juice, and one cupful of water. Sweeten to taste, then add a pinch of salt and three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold water. Stir until the mixture is thick and smooth, then boil slowly for ten minutes; add the stiffly whipped whites of three eggs and stir and cook for ten minutes longer. Turn into a wetted mold and set aside. Serve very cold with a custard sauce made with the three egg yolks, one pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and flavoring.

To Work Scallops. There is a very important point in regard to making scallops. That is, after the scallop is made and cut out, go all over it again with a tiny buttonhole stitch. This prevents fraying and gives body and finish the scallop.

For the Ice Box. Borax is an invaluable aid to the woman who wishes to keep her ice box immaculate. It is especially desirable for use in small refrigerators where little food is kept, but the ice is on hand more for the purpose of preserving butter and milk and keeping bottled waters cool, but it is excellent for all ice boxes.

Why are you doing this? He would be much better off without it. Children do not need stimulants. But they often need a tonic, something to give them more color, more life, more strength. Can you find a strong tonic without a drop of alcohol? Certainly. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is just such a medicine. Entirely free from alcohol. No stimulant. No alcohol habit. Ask your doctor all about it. Let him decide.

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